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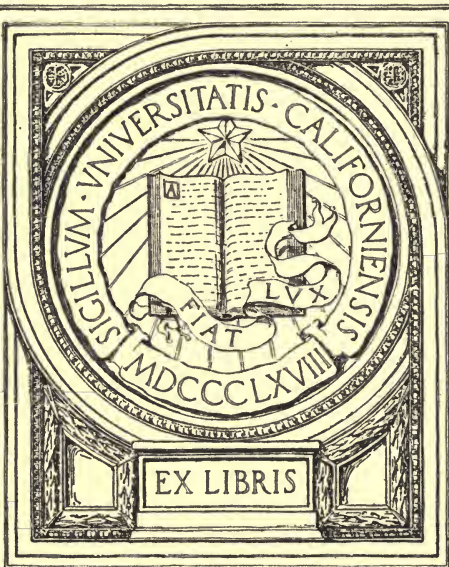
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Food for Thought Rhyme

By

J. ARTHUR MULLIGAN

AUTHOR OF

"The Leopard's Mark"

"Kathleen of the Everglades"

"The Germ of Life"

"Simple Rhymes"

"Charity versus Mammon"

Etc., etc., etc.

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Complements of

Arthur Mulligan

“CHRISTMAS TIDINGS”

Hark! I hear glad voices singing
Sweet and clear this Christmas morn,
With the chimes of bells co-mingling
Bringing news the Christ is born.
See him in the lowly manger,—
See him rise the Holy one.
God will shield him from all danger
’Til his work on earth is done.

Hear him as he gently calls you,
“Peace on earth, good will toward men,
I have come to help and save you
By the grace of God, Amen:
Come to me, ye weary hearted,
I will give ye needed rest.”
From the Father ne’er be parted,
Place your faith upon his breast.

Hark! I hear the angels singing
Those sweet words the Saviour spake
To me sweetest tidings bringing,
Comes to earth for my soul’s sake;
Shout aloud the glad Hosanna,
Shout the glad news far and near,
Christ has come the Great Jehovah,
Come to sooth and calm our fear.

CHORUS

Angels praise his name forever,
Praise him now ye earthly men,
Praise him high, deny him never;
Praise him with a glad Amen.

“TOMORROW”

There is always the day of TOMORROW

As this old day speeds on its rounds,
There is always the sharpeners and grafters
And the Shylocks demanding their pounds,
But as sure as the sun shines above us,
As sure as the night and the day,
The sharpeners and grafters shall suffer
And the Shylocks tenfold shall repay.

The lawyers who prey on the needy,
The judges who sanction their game,
That each may receive graft's divvy
In the might of the law's great name,
Are each of them just as guilty
As the wretch who enters their door
Pleading for mercy from grafters
Who glut on the mites of the poor.

The surgeon who seeks in the flesh ills
To fatten the bulk of his purse,
May gain for a moment the wealth of this world,
But in the next one receives God's curse.
'Twere better a millstone be tied 'round his neck
And cast in the depth of the sea
Than blister his soul with greedy lies
For his services that need not be.

If all would but practice the golden rule
And do as we should for each other,
What a different life would we live on earth,
If we cared as we should for our brother.
No greed or graft would burden us
With slimy trails of sorrow,
No need to care for future things,
Or plan to save for tomorrow.

“THE OLD FOLKS LAMENT”

“Well, wife, our trials will soon be o’er,
I feel the end is nigh,
When we will leave this troubled world,
And reach our homes on high;
Where storms of life can never come,
Nor sickness enter in—
Temptations cannot enter there
To curse our souls with sin.

“You’ve been a good old wife to me
Since we wed years ago,
When your hair was like the raven’s wing
But is now like drifts of snow;
Your cheeks were dimpled soft and bright
And blushed like roses fair,
But now your cheeks are pale and rough
And furrowed with lines of care.

“My life would have been a long, rough road
Had you not been with me,
To help remove the stones of care
And help my eyes to see;
But life has been a bucking nag
For you, dear heart, to ride;
But all the way of jolts and bumps,
You’ve found me at your side.

“Well, wife, I feel we’ve done our share
In bringing children here,
Fulfilled the text of Nature’s law—
Help fill the world with cheer.
Now our lads and lassies all have gone
And left us all alone,
But you have me and I have you,
And that will help atone.

“Our children do not seem to care
That we are getting old,
That death will soon snuff out life’s fires
And leave us stiff and cold;
For they wed and go out from our home,
Bear children of their own,
Who romp and play with shouts of joy,
But leave us all alone.

“Ah, well, I suppose they think it best,
Perhaps they think their boys
Would be too rough and worry us
With all their childish noise;
Too bad, seems they forget when they were young
With noise from stern to bow,
Their racket did not harm us then
And would not harm us now.”

"MY SHAMROCK

- "Do yez mind the green plant which I hold in me hand?
Do yez note the bright shade of its green?
Do yez know where it came from and who brought it here,
This plant that is more than a queen?
Sure, then I will tell ye, so list to me now
While I spake of this plant in me hand,
For by the same token I brought it with me
When I first put me foot on this land.
- " 'Tis a bright little token from the Emerald Isle,
That gem near the cold North Sea,
And I hold it more dear than all the world,
For the memories it brings back to me:
For it has grown on the graves of me very best friends,
It was watered with tears from me eyes,
And it was planted by Mother before I was born,
So I hold it most dear as a prize.
- "When I sailed from old Ireland for this land of the free,
With this Shamrock fresh dug—wet with dew,
Sure the Inspector forbade me to bring it ashore,
So I hid the dear plant in me shoe;
I have cared for that Shamrock through all these years,
From its presence I ne'er want to part,
And when I am called to leave this old Earth,
Lay a sprig of this plant on me heart."
-

"FOXY TROT"

- "Wal S'manthy Ann, I'll tell yer what,
Our gel's plumb crazy ababout Foxy Trot,
But I wouldn't care if 'twuz Verginny Reel,
Old round dance, er toe and heel,
Naow they's got sense and wuth a lot,
But durn this crazy Foxy Trot.
- "Thet gel of ourn is so blamed sot
On dancin' 'round in Foxy Trot,
Thet morn to night she hits 'er pace
Like aour old roan hoss in a four-mile race,
And from cellar to gerret, in house or not,
She kavorts and wriggles in Foxy Trot.
- "A city feller, a band-box snot,
I vum he started this Foxy Trot,
And any old Fox would be ershamed
To know his walk wuz bein' blamed,
Fer this fool notion of tommy-rot,
This bug-house dance called Foxy Trot.
- "Aour gel, she cummed to the old hoss lot,
And she sez she, Paw kin you Foxy Trot?
An' I wuz thet sooprized I give er whack
On top of aour old Roany's back
Thet sent thet hoss 'round thet barn lot
Jest eezactly like aour Sal's Foxy Trot.
- "Thet dance ain't decent I'll tell ye thot,
For young gels to dance in Foxy Trot,
And to see 'em wiggle and twist and bow,
To any young dude who show 'em how,—
My land sakes it makes me hot
To see young gels doin' Foxy Trot."

“THE HAMMER’S SONG”

Dang, ding! Dang, ding!
Hear the mighty anvil’s ring,
Bringing sparks at every swing,
Like so many diamonds cling
’Round the anvil in a ring,
Fitting spot for any king.
Dang, ding! Dang, ding!

Dang, ding! Dang, ding!
Oh, what a source of delight,
All day long, from morn to night,
Never too heavy, never too light;
Always cheery, always bright,
How they echo from morn to night.
Dang, ding! Dang, ding!

Dang, ding! Dang, ding!
See the bright sparklers at play,
Now they shower, now they spray;
Now they form into rainbow rays,
Always merry, always gay,
Singing their songs the livelong day.
Dang, ding! Dang, ding!

“PAT O'BRIEN'S LAST FIGHT”

Whist ye Spalpeen and rade a loin
Uv the midnight stunt of Pat O'Broin.
Sure 'twuz in nineteen hoondird an' ninety-foive,
But divil a mon is there yet aloive
Who can tell ye the day or the toime
Whin Pat klim to the top of an old red barn
Riddy to shout at the first alarm
And yell as only an Irishman can
If the spook of Mike Casey should wave wan hand
And start a young war of his own.

Pat put wan lanthrun on an ould fince post
To kape him koompanny wid Casey's ghost,
Thin put two lanthruns on a two-be-twice
Of that ould rid barn to skeer the mice
Should they come to worry Pat.
Naow Pat didn't think mooch of yer aould rid tape
Which previnted a mon from takin' a slape
Ef he is worried wid toil and a keg of beer
Which he drank at a wake for Casey's cheer,
So begorra he wint to slape.

Wid his poipe in his mouth and hands on his head
Never a bit did Pat keer for the livin' er dead,
So he sprawled on the roof and sank into slape
And the Spirit of Casey dared him to lape
To the ground for wan more foight.
Now Pat O'Brien sure loved a good foight,
Fer he could foight all day and foight all night,
And no livin' creature could make him a dare
That wouldn't find Pat wid the goods right there
Wid a whoop and his good right arm.

So seein' Moike Casey wance more dancin' 'round
And Spoilin' fer a lovely old foight on the ground,
It made his blood boil wid illigent delight
To join in the shindig of Casey and foight
And settle the question right thin.
Pat niver could tell to the day he wuz dead
Who put all thim naydles and pins in his head,
But the last he raymimbers wuz givin' a scraych
And jumpin' at Casey who stood within raych
Wid an ugly old grin on his mug.

But the naybors who found Pat half livin' an' half dead
Wid ten broken ribs, wan arm, wan head,
All say he wuz smilin' a bootiful smile
And talkin' wid Casey his friend all the while
And beggin' him to stand up an' foight.
We dressed Pat fer his wake nixt day
And called all the naybors and friends in to pray
For the soul of Mike Casey who died wance before
And the soul of O'Brien who wuz lavin' this shore
To hunt for each other and foight.

“MY MOTHER’S SONGS”

I long once more to hear the songs
My mother sang to me,
When quiet evening shadows fell
Across the earth and sea.
Then how her dear sweet voice would sing
In accents soft and low,
While sitting on her dear old knees
She rocked me to-and-fro.

And when the hours of childish toil
Had rushed the day along,
I climbed upon her waiting knees,
And claimed my sleepy song;
Then how her dear old arms would fold
Me tight within’ love’s glow,
And sing to me those dear old songs—
Those songs of long ago.

And when the hour of toil was o’er
She met me at the gate,
And kissed away the marks of toil,
’Twas kind old mother’s trait;
But now that dear, sweet voice is hushed,
And ne’er again will sing
The songs of love that charmed my heart,
And so much pleasures bring.

“THE GRIM REAPER”

“I stealthily creep in the midnight hours,
I walk in the light of mid-day,
But wherever, whenever my touch is felt
A spirit is whisked away.
I spare not those of beautiful form—
The aged, the rich or poor,
My voice is firm, my will is strong,
My aim is steady and sure.
I pity the youth and spare a few
To fulfill their Master’s call,
But soon will I come a Reaper grim
To garner them one and all.”

“MOTHERS OF MEN”

Mothers of men; Oh, mothers of men!
Impossible are words of tongue or pen,
To say what wealth in dollars and cents
Or how many worlds could recompense
You for the birth of one little child.
You who have passed through the valley of death,
You who would share with that child your last breath,
You who have guarded that child with your life,
You who have fought off danger and strife,
You who have made life worth while.

Mothers of men, dear mothers of men!
How much does the world owe you when
You meekly submit to Nature's first law,
By bringing to earth a child without flaw,
And perfected God's own plan.
God in His infinite all-wise way,
Certainly blessed the earth on the day
When He gave you the power of Motherhood;
A power the test of Centuries hath stood,
And will stand as long as the life of MAN.

“LAUGH AND BE GAY”

Laugh and the world laughs with you,
Weep and you weep alone,
For all in this world have their troubles
With no wish to hear others bemoan.

This life is only a gamble—,
A game that we play against Fate,
With Death in the offing as Umpire,
Life loses, Death claims the great stake.

No matter what troubles assail us
It is better to smile and be gay,
Then your troubles will vanish like Mirages—
Silver-lined be the clouds of the day.

Smiles are the greatest blessings
To the forlorn a welcome release,
Laughing brings sunshine through darkness—
'Tis a cure-all for every disease.

Live, laugh and be merry,
For tomorrow you may die.
Don't whine and bemoan your misfortune,
Remember a coward don't Try.

"WHAT OF THE FUTURE?"

Why do we worry and wonder and fret
About the future beyond the grave,
When by living this life to meet grim death
Is all that our soul doth crave?

If we are true to ourselves and true to our soul
We rob death of all of its sting,
And when the time comes to leave this earth life
We gladly step forward and sing.

Stepping forward with songs of rejoicing
That our name is the next on the roll
To be called from this world of sorrows
To enter the home of the Soul.

"OUR DUTY"

If I have cheered a despondent heart,
Helped soothed and eased the pain,
I feel that I've been some use on earth
That my life has not lived in vain.

If I have shown some sinful soul
The straight and narrow way,
I feel that God will reward my deed
When I am called for the Judgment day.

My duty is love for my fellowman,
Giving succor to those in distress
With kind words here and bright smiles there
Casting sunbeams upon the oppressed.

"I CANNOT SING"

I cannot sing those dear old songs
That we sang in days gone by,
For now my heart is weary
And each note I sing is a sigh.

I cannot forget at evening time,
As shadows stole down the dell
Our hearts broke forth in joyous songs
As we list to the evening bells.

I cannot forget our childhood,
Or forget those happy times
When sitting in the twilight hours
We echoed those dear sweet chimes.

Those dear old songs we used to sing
With voices sweet and clear,
Were songs of love and happiness
And of friends we loved so dear.

"MEDITATION"

What an awful thing seems death, yet how secure
Is the life we live beyond the grave if here our lives are pure.
God in his wondrous wisdom plucks here and there a flower,
That each may sleep to wake again to praise his Infinite power.
Consider the infant who knows no sin nor death,
But comes to earth a precious pearl—a rose with perfumed
breath

Wafting about us one harmonious chord of love,
Pointing out and guiding our feet to eternal life above.
We grieve when its life departs us, but we mourn our loss in
vain,

For only joy should fill our hearts with hopes to meet again.
Pause, meditate, and picture in your own mind's eye,
Will your life be pain or eternal joy if this hour you should die?

"MY HOME IN THE DEEP"

Oh, my home is the floor of the deep,
As wild waves over me sweep,
Where they churn and boil
In a mad turmoil
On the surface how madly they leap;
But down here we have only peace
Of the kind that shall never more cease,
Life is just one sweet dream
In our submarine,
As we glide o'er the floor of the deep.

Oh, come ride with me under the sea,
And learn what it means to be free
From all strife up above,
While down here all is love—
Oh, come try a trip here with me.
On the top where the loud thunders roll,
And storms drive your ship from her goal,
Where the tallest masts crash
To the lightning's flash,
Down here is the place then to be.

"NEWS OF THE BELLS"

Ring aloud ye sweet-toned bells,
Sweetest music your glad news tells—
Peace has come on earth again,
Peace good will among men;
Join the millions trumpets sound,
News that spread the whole world 'round,
Hearts were saddened, now are gladdened
By your joyful news, Amen.

Ring ye bells, ring out today,
Freedom's Peace has come to stay,
Shout aloud that Peace, sweet Peace,
Comes to earth to ne'er more cease:
Over the top of the battle's smoke—
Out of the trenches where gases choke,
Out of the din of the battle's Sin,
Peace brings sweet release.

"DON'T CRITICISE"

It is never best to criticise
What other people do,
It's best your words should sympathize
Lest harsh words you may rue.

If you can say commending words,
Then say them loud and long,
But it's better you are never heard,
Than chant the Critic's song.

Those who dwell in a house of glass
Should never throw a stone,
Lest other folks may knock your class
And tumble down your home.

Try to see the better side
Of the other fellow's life,
He may minimize the faults you hide
When other's words run rife.

"A MOTHER'S SACRIFICE"

(Dedicated to Mrs. Alice Dodd in honor of her son, Corporal James B. Gresham, the first American soldier killed by the Germans in France, at 3 A.M., November 3, 1917.)

I.

Our Nation called, I gave my boy
With a cheerful free good will,
And tho' he has died a soldier's death,
His spirit is with us still,
And knowing my boy as none others know,
I am sure my poor brave son
Would never care to have his mother wear
Deep mourning for her lost one.

II.

God has thought best to call my boy
Among the first of this great world-war
To give up his home, his friends, his life
Now his name shall be known near and far.
I know my tears flow thick and fast
But they are only tears of joy,
For I know that my son would not have me don
Deep mourning for my dear boy.

III.

I am sure in the land you tried to help
There is some mother good and brave,
Who will think of your mother that cannot come
To scatter bright flowers on your grave.
Sleep on dear son, in a far-off land,
In the sleep of Eternal rest,
Although grief I bear, your mother will wear,
The colors her boy loved best.

IV.

Our Nation needs this sacrifice
We mothers are called to give
And God, by His infinite holy will,
Says who is to die or live.
Tho' my sorrow is greater than I can bear,
Yet will I smile with pride and joy,—
It shall never be said I covered my head
With crepe for my dear brave boy.

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Simple Rhyme

By
J. ARTHUR MULLIGAN

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Arthur Milligan

“PEACE BE STILL”

When storms of doubt assail me
And sear my heart within,
When Satan's tempting offers
Storm-toss my Soul with Sin,
'Tis then the Saviour comes to me
And by his Master-will,
Becalms the troubled waters,
By calling, "Peace be still."

When hate controls my bosom
Where love in youth did glow,
When stormy Seas of envious thoughts
Would drag me down below,
'Tis then the Saviour comes to me
Upon the Sea's great hill,
And throws his loving Life-line out,
His soothing "Peace be still."

When I would doubt my Saviour
Had power on earth to save,
When scoffers tell me naught but air
Could trod that stormy wave,
His Spirit gently chides me
And by His holy will,
He driveth out the Devil's power,
Commanding, "Peace be still."

“BABY'S FIRST CHRISTMAS”

It is baby's first Christmas that she can enjoy,
It is Santa's first visit to bring her a toy,
Then come, let us gather, this glad welcome day,—
Make believe we are children and join in her play,
With the toys we have given her out our fullness of heart
Ever remembering this Christmas when time comes to part.

Boys, go gather a pine from the forest near by,
And light it with candles like gems from the sky,
Let mother and sister tie toys on the tree,
While daddy plays Santa to baby's great glee,
Then note all the wonder, joy and surprise
That shine from our baby's diamond-like eyes.

Hear her silvery laughter, her coo's of joy,
As she searches each nook of the tree for a toy,
See her spring like a fawn with eyes opened wide,
And gather the playthings from every side,
Her dancing eyes, her pleasant mood,
Are baby's expression of gratitude.

The sweetest music on all this earth,
Is that which comes from baby's mirth,
Her love is born from love divine,—
Her grief or joy is genuine,
And there's naught on earth can buy the bliss,
That comes to me from baby's kiss.

"THE SOUL"

What is the Soul? we often ask
As pondering o'er life's heavy task,
We wonder how, and where, and when
The Soul came into the lives of men.

Where is the Soul? Does it calmly rest
Close to the heart of the human breast?
Or does it nestle within the head,
To flutter forth when man is dead?

God in his infinite all wise way
Builted man from bits of clay,
Then searching heavenly treasures sought
And gave to man the gift of thought.

Made thought the Soul of earthly man
And guided his thoughts to Heaven's Clan
And long after man has passed away,
Thought lives one long Eternal day.

Therefore, the Soul of ^{all} mankind
Are thoughts that live within the mind,
And by their courses rise or fall
Created by Nature the God of all.

If Man's thoughts are pure as they should be
The Soul of man lives Eternally,
But if his thoughts are cruel and low,
He creates Satan and Hell and Woe.

"CALIFORNIA LAND"

Oh my eyes have seen the beauty of this California land
Where the warm Pacific's waters wash upon the glistening
sands,
Where the Earth is linked to Heaven by the Sun's bright golden
bands,
As it shines here bright throughout the year.
Glorious State of California,
Glorious State of California,
Grand old State of California,
My home by the western Sea!

Oh I feel my days are numbered should I ever leave this land
Where the old return to childhood by the salt air on the strand,
Where the fruit in great profusion blend with flowers on every
hand,
Where health and joy beams from every eye.
Glorious State of California,
Glorious State of California,
Glorious State of California,
My home by the western Sea!

To the beauties of this southland can ^{no} other land compare,
Where there's wealth for every creature who will brave old
courage's dare,
Where the balmy summer weather give to each a feeling rare,
That is felt nowhere in all this world beside.
Glorious State of California,
Glorious State of California,
Grand old State of California,
My home by the western Sea!

"MEMORIES"

Oh, how well do I remember scenes of childhood
When a happy child I played at mother's knee,
Where she taught the golden rule in all its beauty,
Where I lisped the prayers dear mother taught to me:
But since my mother died, how bitterly I have cried,
And longed to be with mother once again,
But I know that cannot be, 'till I cross Life's stormy sea,
And join her where there's no more pain.

Oh, how sad the day she called me to her bedside
And told me she was going far away,
That she wished that I would always be a good child
And meet her there on God's great Judgment day;
Where only Peace and Love, doth reign supreme above,
Where Angels sing in glory evermore,
And her dearest wish that I, should meet her in the sky,
To tread with her upon the Golden Shore.

When temptations seem to gather thickest 'round me,
And lures me on to enter sinful ways,
Then her Spirit hovers closer 'round me,
And her gentle smile recalls our happier days;
Her smile drives out dread sin, that Peace may enter in,
The heart she filled with love so long ago,
And now may God's good grace, and mother's Angel face
Help me keep my promise here below.

"IN FREEDOM'S NAME"

Oh Justice! Oh Liberty!
How many lives content,
Seek certain death for what thy name
And causes represent;
How many hearts are split in twain,
How many scalding tears
Are shed for dear departed ones
Through all these passing years.

A mother's hope, a sister's love,
A sweetheart, or a loyal wife,
Are withered leaves and blasted twigs
Upon the tree of life;
But then we know beyond this vale
Of earthly grief and woe,
There lives a sweeter, better life
Than known down here below.

Oh Justice! Oh Liberty!
Tho' we die in thy dear name,
We could not die for greater cause
Than death in Freedom's flame;
And tho' a traitor sells our blood
To satisfy his greed,
We gladly give our lives for what
We believe is Freedom's need.

"WE NEVER GROW OLD"

We never grow old whatever our age,
Though it bleaches snow white our hairs,
Or weakens the voice, enfeebles the steps
And deep lines our faces with cares;
Tho' we push and struggle for worldly wealth,
Tho' we wrangle and nag and fuss,
The spirit of youth bubbles up now and then,
For there's always some boy in the most of us.

There's always some boy in the heart of us,
No matter how crabbed and sour,
Our natures become with cares of life,
Or how weary the passing hours;
The making of man is GOD'S handwork
And God wishes eternal joy,
Therefore he empaled into every life,
The buoyant heart of a boy.

"PEACE"

"We cry for Peace," all end to wars
With its useless suffering, its National jars,
But we can't have Peace, friends must always part,
So long as there is greed in the human heart.

The love for greed, the strife for gain,
Cause many hearts to break with pain,
And the bestial lusts born in all men
Make peace on peace, but to war again.

We must cleanse ourselves heart and soul,
We must worship the GOD that is not of Gold,
And until we do those simple things,
Man must always war for Thrones of Kings.

"WHO MAKES WAR"

Tell me Daddy, who makes War,
Where men fight and bleed and die,
With slashing, gnashing teeth and claws,
Like beasts with blood-shot eye?

Is it love for right or love for greed
That Kings and Rulers run
With guns and soldiers through the land,
And murder everyone?

And why, before the battle charge
Each head bows low in prayer
And call to God to help their cause,—
To save each soldier there?

Is there one God or more than one
That each side, right or wrong,
May call upon in times of strife
For power to make them strong?

I believe my God could never wish
To see such carnage here,
But much prefers that every man
Should love his brother DEAR.

"FATE"

No matter where thy pathway wends,
Or whither dost thou trod,
Fate leads thee on with chains of gold
That are wrought by hands of God.

Flee high or low, or far or wide,
In early morn or late,
Ye cannot hide thy puny self
From the Master eyes of FATE.

"SANTA CRUZ ISLE"

Santa Cruz, thou emerald gem of the Sea,
With thy deep ferny canyons and pine-covered peaks,
With thy vari-colored soil of lava streaks,
Tell me, whence came you, and how Santa Cruz?
Ye refuge where sea-birds flee!

Santa Cruz, tell me thy story of birth!
How long did ye toil in your fiery sleep
Before you burst forth from the bowels of the deep
To cool thy fevered brow Santa Cruz,
When did ye come on earth?

Santa Cruz, thou lovely health-giving Isle!
At thy base where the Sea and mountains meet,
Where salt-laden zephyrs float in pure and sweet,
Did Mermaids sport in thy surf, Santa Cruz,
And why did they stay but awhile?

Santa Cruz, bright jewel of the western shore,
Where ~~the~~ the hands that painted thy caves
As they dipped deep the brush in the rainbow rays
And promiscuously colored those walls, Santa Cruz,
That surely will last evermore?

Santa Cruz, ye peaceful, beautiful land!
As I stroll 'long thy trails and rest in the shade
And view the great structures Nature hath made,
I cannot but marvel and dream, Santa Cruz,
At the work of God's own hand.

"OLD DOG DASH"

Old Dog Dash was a good old dog and never did any harm
'Til he played one day with some very bad dogs
In the field of a nearby farm,
Where these bad dogs killed a farmer's sheep,
And thought the game great fun,
But they were soon sought out by the farmer's boy,
And killed with the farmer's gun.

Now if old dog Dash had stayed at home and watched his
master's gate,

He would not have been found with the bad dog gang
Or met the bad dogs fate.

So, good little boys should think of Dash
And of how he ran astray,
And never go where bad boys go,
Or with the bad boys play."

"THE EARTH"

Ages ago our theory runs,
The earth was formed from Heaven's Suns,
That dashing 'round at terrific pace,
Threw flaming meteors far out in space,
And from those meteors outward hurled,
Revolved a sphere and became our world.

A mighty, molten, seething mass
Magnetic in force it came to pass,
When other meteors of lesser worth
Became ensnared within it's girth;
Millions of years have swiftly flown
And from those meteors the earth has grown
To be a planet serene and cool
Where man was born a conceited fool.

Worshiping things not understood,
Or worthless Idols of stone or wood,
With greed and vanity to dire extreme
Over all earth's creatures he feels supreme,—
Even Nature and Nature's laws,
He believes imperfect, with many flaws
While vainly he strives with living breath
To prolong life and conquer death.

But Nature wills (man can't deny),
That all living things must surely die,
Just as the earth some future day,
Growing icy cold will pass away;
But Nature will go on just the same
Building more worlds of heat and flame,
And man will come and man will go,
But Nature's laws will overthrow
Every puny act of man,
That would counteract Dame Nature's plan.

"THE GERM OF LIFE"

I dream, and from yon blue-domed walls
I hear the voice of Nature calls,
While all about and overhead
There is no life—the earth is dead;
When, from out yon space with thunderous roar,
A flaming fireball strikes the shore
Where the waters leap with hissing glee,
To sweep it seething beneath the sea.

When the waves recede from off the ground,
A steaming cinder there is found,
While winds leap forth with mighty hands
And crush it to fragments upon the sands.
Then, as it lies there crushed and torn,
The Germ of Life came forth new born,
And nourished in the Sun's warm rays
It ventures forth on Life's highways.

Again the waves reach forth and sweep
This atom of life into the deep,
Where it wriggled and squirmed a thing unknown,
Mothered by Nature, by Nature sown,
Where it's slimy form grew fins and scales,
As it burrowed its way through muddy trails,
Until, dashing out sportive and free,
It reached the surface of the Sea.

Again Dame Nature's kindly hand
Wafts aloft her magic wand,
When lo! a creature serene and fair
Lay gasping for breath in the balmy air,
With half of it's body scaley and cold,
The rest of it shrouded in streamers of gold,
With dimpled shoulders and radiant face
It molded a model for the Human race.

It crawled to the rocks and sank into sleep,
And called for a playmate from out of the deep,
When lo! a great frog appeared at it's side,
Croaking a Song for this Nature born bride,
And his song is a query of "whence came their race?"
She answered him saying, "By Nature's Grace,
And our mission in Life is to generate and sow
That our offspring may prosper, increase and grow."

He took up her hand, he kissed her sweet face
And folded her close in a loving embrace,
Then leading her forth he sought to please,
As together they entered the Valley of Peace,
Where he built her a nest with tenderest care,
And led her within to abide with him there,
While kind Mother Nature looked down from above
And blessed this union with treasures of love.

As sunbeams were mounting one bright rosy morn
She gave him their offspring their very first born,
A cherub of beauty with soft downy hair,
A form from her likeness,—a jewel most rare.
As it grew in it's beauty, no blemish, no flaw,
They thought of their mission, of Nature's first law,
So when their offspring reached manhood's estate,
He fled from their presence in search of a mate.

As onward he journey down close to the Sea,
He came to the spot where the cinder should be,
And Lo! a great army of creatures were there,
Born from that firebrand that crashed through the air;
Hair-covered creatures, four-footed and strong,
Winged and feathered ones all burst into song,
And all was contented, peace reigned supreme
Until Man entered into their realms of dream.

Man founded Kingdom with himself in command
And sent them in pairs to replenish the land,
But when all had departed, left him sulking in hate
That none had remained with whom he could mate,
He scolded his mother, his father he scorned
And regretted the day on which he was born,
Then dashing away through the forest nearby
He fled to the top of a mountain high.

Looking around from its great dizzy height
A vision of loveliness burst on his sight;
He pillowed his head on the green grassy mound
And sank into slumber peaceful and sound.
He passed into dreamland and found at his side
Dame Nature had sent him a mate, the first bride,
And beholding, his heart gave a throb of delight
At the beautiful creature who stood in his sight.

She knelt on the ground, she crept to his side
And claimed him her bridegroom, and she his own bride;
She spoke of the future with clear silvery voice,
Of the joy and pleasures that followed this choice;
She pictured the legions of descendants that came
To bless this union and cherish their name,
Who built thriving cities with beautiful drives
Where men lived in glory with eternal lives.

Where flowers bloomed always, where warm zephyrs blow
Across the green meadows where clear waters flow,
And she begged that he follow her out and through space,
Until they reached in their journey a beautiful place
Where a castle was waiting and within it a throne
To bid him a welcome,—a King to his own,
Then, rising she floated out into air
And beckoned like a Siren to follow her there.

He arose at her bidding, then heaved a great sigh
As he saw that she vanished within the blue sky,
Then resolved he would find her or hunt the world o'er
He rushed down the mount-side and came to the shore
Along which he journeyed with feverish speed
Till he came to a cottage that was built of seaweed,
And there on the threshold sat a maiden most fair
With creamy complexion and bright golden hair.

He spoke to her gently and bade her reply,
And asked her whence came she, if out of the sky?
Then her clear silvery laughter woke echoes of glee
As she answered him saying, "I came from the sea,
Where for centuries many, my Ancestors reside
Until Nature had called me on earth to reside,
Where I wait now in patience the pleasure of Fate
To provide for my future and supply me a mate.

"My Grandpa and Grandma live just o'er the way,
Whose darling descendant hath left them they say,
To weep in the mountains and bemoan his sad fate
That Nature had gave him no one for a mate.
Had he patiently waited out there by the sea,
Dame Nature would gladly have given him to me,
So I wait in my cottage here by the sea-shore
The return of my earth-mate to leave me no more."

As he list' to her speaking, she seemed in his eye
To change to his dream-mate who came from the sky;
The cottage had changed to a Castle of stone,
The threshold became a gold covered throne,
While her silvery laughter and flashing bright eyes
Was coaxing him onward to realms in the skies
Then he thought of the pleasures Dame Nature unfurled
To his countless descendants upon this new world.

Recalling his dream as a warning from Fate,
That peace and content are foemen of hate,
That kindness and patience are best for his mind,
Then Nature would guard him and all of his kind,
He cherished the power that gave him this life
And brought him this creature to take for a wife,
Then folding her close to his bosom in love,
Gave thanks for the Life-germ that came from above.

Presented by Nature and blessed by Fate
He took this fair creature to be his life's mate,
He promised to guard her and keep her from harm,—
She promised to love him and trust his great arm
To lead her through safely where dark waters flow
And follow him meekly where'er he should go,—
To bring up their offspring in righteous ways
And to teach them that Peace was the greatest of plays.

Down near where the sea and the mountains meet
Where the salt laden ozone floats in pure and sweet,
Where the sea-birds scream and the billows roar
As they dash foam crested on the white pebbled shore,
Where the sun shone the brightest as it danced on the stones
He built her a castle and therein a throne,
And led her within where, with majestic pride
He mounted his throne with his Queen at his side.

She gave many children who played 'round their door
While he hunted the food game across the wild moor,
Where with fleetness and strength he was quick in the chase
And throttled his captives at the end of the race,
He would fling the great bull 'cross shoulders broad
And gathered ripe fruit as he sped 'long the road,
Then with meat for his children and sweets for his mate
He would rush to their presence to receive praises great.

One day as he hunted beyond the great trees
He came in his journey to the Valley of Peace,
Where men of his image were strongly arrayed,
Who came forth to meet him and earnestly prayed
That he stop in their grottos and eat of their meat,
Take a mate from their maidens who came forth to greet,
To abide with them always contented and free,
To roam in the woodlands or bathe in their sea.

But pushing them aside with a wave of his hand,
He demanded, whence came they and why their strong clan?
And who was their leader, was he Vassal or King,—
Did he live in a castle or this grotto called thing?
He charged them to summon this one to appear
And pay his respects to his King and his peer;
Then placing his hand on the strongest one there
He hurled the great body like a stone through the air.

The poor fellow 'lighted all bleeding and torn
At the feet of a creature, old haggard and worn,
Who appeared in the doorway and stopped in amaze
As he viewed this strange conduct that just met his gaze;
Then fixing his eyes on the bold cruel one,
He calmly leaped forward and calling "My son,
Do you thus greet your brethren here at my door
Hunting and throttling as you do on the moor?"

"Does your great brawny shoulders and strong-winded girth
Give pride to your mother who gave you in birth?
You left us in anger and thus you return
To scourge your own brothers and make our hearts burn;
We grieved at your going, now grieve that you come
Back to the shelter that first gave you a home.
By striking and maiming your brother you please
To strike the first discord in the Valley of Peace.

"By the great law of Nature we sought to increase
The numbers of our descendants in this Valley of Peace;
You were the first born that came to my wife
And the very first man from the seed germ of life
Together we bore you a sweet tiny flower,
And guided your footsteps through each passing hour,
Sheltered and fed you and kept you from cold
And thought you a comfort when we were old.

"But when you had left us in anger and hate
Because Mother Nature had gave you no mate,
We crept to the shore, to the rock where we met
Your mother and I all dripping and wet,
There sought to return to the place of our birth
Renouncing all claims to our place upon earth,
But we heard a great voice thunder out of the sky,
'Go back to your home lest the Man-Germ shall die.'

" 'Go back to your abode and stay evermore
That your offspring may number like sands on the shore.'
We meekly obeyed Dame Nature's stern voice
And returned to your birthplace, the home of our choice.
Our descendants came quickly, two, three and four,
And doubling these many they yet doubled more,
Each pair gave their offspring your own manly face
And bred to perfection the whole Human race.

"The mate of your bosom, the wife of your choice,
Is merely the outcome from obeying that voice;
She, your own brother's daughter, pure dainty flower,
That grew near the seashore and waited the hour,
When Nature would call you and guide you by Fate,
To choose this fair blossom and make her your mate,
So, Nature hath blessed you with offspring by the score
And down through eternity will increase them yet more.

"You are King here by birth-right of mankind and flower,
But abusing Dame Nature will but hasten the hour,
When her powers will assail you and toss you to lie
Broken and withered by the roadside to die.
My son, be governed by wisdom that Nature gave thee
When first she created you down by the sea,
And rule this great Kingdom with pureness of heart,
Lest Nature forsake thee and rend thee apart.

"Strength is the pet name we gave you that hour
When first you came to us a sweet, lovely flower,
And all through your lifetime strength stays at your side
Until, nestling in your bosom it has filled you with pride,
So, cursing your father, held your mother in scorn,
You fled to the mountains that bright rosy morn,
But Nature kept near you and guided your ways
And sent you a help-mate to gladden your days.

"The fair dimpled creature who gave you in birth
Is now old and haggard and creeps near the hearth,
Where the fire-glow is warmest and casts its bright light
Through her once golden tresses now shining pure white.
But she has ne'er forgotten that bright sacred morn
When Nature first gave you, our baby new-born;
She grieved at your absence through all the long years
And waits your returning with bright patient tears.

"We hoped your returning was different from this,
That your presence among us come blessed with a kiss,
But now her heart will be bleeding anew from this wound
That brother strikes brother, her son, to the ground.
Go into your mother, son, and bow at her side,
And plead her forgiveness for your anger and pride,
That henceforth forever many hearts you will please
And joy will re-enter the Valley of Peace."

When the speaker had finished his pleadings so mild
And awaited the answer from this, his man-child,
The son stood for a moment as, hissing a vow,
With hate in his bosom and wrath on his brow,
Then raising his body to its great towering height
He issued a challenge, "The whole world he would fight
Before he would lower mankind in the bog
And accept for a father this vile lowly frog."

Then springing among them with fury and wrath,
He crushed down his brethren who stood in his path;
So great was his onslaught, their danger so dense
The brothers closed 'round him and fought in defense,
And when their great numbers had weighted him down
Holding him a prisoner prostrate on the ground,
His anger grew furious, his struggles so great
He made the earth tremble beneath his great weight.

They bound him securely with ropes made of skin
And opening a grotto they thrust him therein
Where light never entered, no air in the hole
They departed and left him to shiver with cold;
Pushing and rolling, his brothers heart sore
Placed large stony slabs there to block up the door,
Forcing him to stay there until death called release
And harmony re-enter the Valley of Peace.

Sprawled in the dungeon and gasping for air
Writhing in anguish with shrieks of despair
Straining his fetters with all strength in his might
Searching the darkness for one ray of light,
Chilled to the marrow upon the cold floor,
And longing for the freedom for all out-of-door,
He called on the powers of Nature to come
And strike deep their vengeance for what had been done.

As his great sleeping body lay stretched on the floor
There came a light scraping of scales near the door,
Then dry withered hands moved the stones one by one
As a voice in the dungeon called softly, "My son"
And creeping up closer with slow measured tread
Brown hands patted softly the sleeping man's head,
While an old wrinkled face deep furrowed with care
Peeped sorrowfully over his great shoulders bare.

He started from his slumber at the touch of those hands,
And strained to get free from those strong leather bands,
Till a gentle sweet voice called softly, "My son
It is I in this dungeon to see what has been done
To my first born of Nature, the pride of my life
Who lies here before me now fettered with strife;
Please speak to me son, and tell thy old mother,
Why do you so hate us and strike down your brother?"

"Do you think thy old mother who gave you in birth
Would shame the young man-cubs who cumber thy hearth?
Fear not, for I'm weary, and soon I would sleep,
Back with Dame Nature in the bowels of the deep;
I would return to the bosom from where I have come
And rest in sweet slumber,—my eternal home,
For by striking thy brother thus bringing forth strife,
Death will now punish all that hath life.

"Don't curse thy old father and crush in the bog,
Remember he sired thee although a great Frog,
It was Nature's own bidding, the handwork of Fate
That sent him to greet me and gave me a mate;
Remember thou art young yet, perhaps when you're old
Your own dearest children may find fault and scold;
Now Son, I release thee, return to thy home,
Take peace away with you and ne'er let it roam."

He sprang to his feet with a bellow and roar
And rushed at the creature who crouched on the floor,
But stopped at he reached her and scanned her old face
For the bloom of her childhood, but found not one trace;
A passion of pity surged through his great breast
As he folded her close in his great arms to rest,
Then his grief broke in torrents, rushing and wild,
While she petted and soothed him as of old when a child.

Then snatching her up in brawny arms bare,
He rushed from that dungeon like hounds at the hare,
Like a great beast of burden flecking with foam,
Nor stopped for a moment till reaching his home,
He dashed through it's portals that stood open wide
And tenderly placed her upon the throne-side
When, calling his offspring, his clansmen, his mate,
He bade them pay homage to his mother in State.

His offspring and clansmen drew close 'round the throne,
And with loving attentions each sought to atone,
For the long years of sorrow this mother had borne
Since her son had departed with heart anger torn;
She spoke to them softly with glad shining eyes,
And bade them thank Nature for heeding her cries,
That had brought this reunion with her beloved one.
The pride of her bosom, her Nature given son.

As they stood in her presence and harked to her voice,
And learned their origin by Nature's own choice,
Her army of tribesmen dashed up to the wall,
Demanding an entrance within the throne hall,
To rescue the mother, a prisoner they thought
Confined in this castle by a mad Giant brought,
And so great was their clamor and stamping of feet
The very earth trembled and shook the throne seat.

Her son started up with a ringing command
For his clansmen to charge out and drive off this band,
Lest the castle be ruined, their kinsman be slain
And the green grassy mountains be dyed a red stain,
Then charging the invaders with death gleaming eyes
He screamed forth his challenge and first battle cries,
And dashing a stone from the top of the wall
He crushed his own brethren to death by its fall.

His clansmen sprang forward like wild beasts of prey
To meet the invaders in battle array,
As forwards and backwards they tried in their might
To crush out the life of each other in fight,
An old wrinkled face appeared at the door,
And bade them cease fighting,—have peace evermore
Lest the life of all mankind be blotted from earth
Leaving death and destruction around the home hearth.

She told them Mother Nature never intended that strife
Should enter the pathway of mankind's life,
She chided the invaders for seeking in haste
A revenge on their brothers whose life blood they waste;
This son had not wronged them in bringing her there
To view his young offspring and castle so fair,
And tenderly pleaded that all conflict should cease
So love could re-enter the Valley of Peace.

Meekly they followed her bidding and came
Close to the Castle walls heads bowed in shame,
Where the King met them kindly and bade they should come
Into his Castle and make it their home,
That henceforth forever, no conflict, no strife
Should enter his kingdom to crush out its life,
Then taking each brother who came, by the hand,
He welded their friendship into one golden band.

A feast was provided and joy ruled the day
Where strife and contention had once held its sway;
"But where is thy father?" a lightning thought flashed
Through the brain of King Strength, as upwards he dashed
O'er hill, dell and plain he sped like deer
Till he came to the grottoes and crept up with fear
To the form of his father stretched on a moss bed
Crushed with the sorrow that struck him stone dead.



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